DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

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SHIPPING HORSES.

The engraving on this page describes, better than could be done by the pen, the method often used of embarking and disembarking horses. A wide band is placed underneath the horse, and one end of a chain which revolves round an elevated pulley is attached to the four points of this band, and the other end to a windlass, and the poor animal is bodily lifted off his feet and placed wherever needed. He cannot kick if he wanted too; but is generally too frightened to do anything but wonder at his strange position. In the picture given the horses are being elevated from scows to the dock to be used in the war against the Zulus.

In Montreal horses and cattle are similarly treated with the exception that the cattle are frequently hoisted into the ships by the horns.

In deep mines horses, mules or donkeys are often used to draw the coal or other materials mined, from the miners at the ends of the galleries to the foot of the shaft, from there to be hoisted to the pit's mouth. When lowered for this purpose a similar contrivance to the one depicted is used. In one instance the writer saw a beautiful pony hoisted up twelve hundred feet, from the midnight darkness of the lowest gallery to the glorious light of the summer's noonday sun. The change was so great and so sudden that the poor animal fell senseless at the pit's mouth; but soon recovering, pranced about with the greatest joy. Two or three days after, however, he was again lowered to his old abode.

ANIMAL FRIENDSHIPS.

Many equine celebrities have delighted in feline companions, following in this the example of their notable ancestor, the Godolphin Arab, between whom and a black cat an intimate friendship existed, for years, a friendship that came to a touching end; for when that famous steed died, his old companion would not leave the body, and when it had seen it put under ground, crawled slowly away to a hay-loft, and, refusing to be comforted, pined away and died.

Mr Huntington, of East Bloomfield, America, owns a throughbred horse named Narragansett, and a white cat. The latter was wont to pay a daily visit to Narragansett's stall, to hunt up the mice, and then enjoy a quiet nap. Mr. Huntington removed to Rochester with his family, leaving the cat behind; but she complained so loudly and so unceasingly that she was sent on to the new abode. Her first object was now to get somebody to interpret her desires. At last her master divined them and started off with her to the barn. As soon as they were inside, the cat went to the horse's stall, made herself a bed near his head, and curled herself up contentedly. When Mr. Huntington visited the pair next morning, there was puss, close to Narragansett's feet, with a family of five beside her. The horse evidently knew all about it, and that it behooved him to take heed how he used his feet. Puss afterwards would go out, leaving her little ones to the care of her friend, who would every now and then look, to see how they were getting on. When these inspections took place in the mother's presence, she was not at all uneasy, although she showed the greatest fear and anxiety if any children or strangers intruded upon her privacy.

A gentleman in Sussex had a cat which showed the greatest affection for a young blackbird, which was given to her by a stable-boy for food, a day or two after she had been deprived of her kittens. She tended it with the greatest care; they became inseparable companions, and no mother could show a greater fondness for her offspring that she did for the bird.

Lemmery shut up a cat and several mice together in a cage. The mice in time got to be very friendly, and plucked and nibbled at their feline friend. When any of them grew troublesome she would gently box their ears. A German magazine tells of a M. Hecart who placed a tame sparrow under the protection of a wild-cat. Another cat attacked the sparrow, which was at the most critical moment rescued by its protector. During the sparrows subsequent illness its natural foe watched over it with the greatest tenderness. The same authority gives an instance of a cat trained like a watch-dog to keep guard over a yard containing a hare and some sparrows, blackbirds and partridges.

That a horse should be hail-fellow with a hen appears too absurd to be true; yet we have Gilbert White's word for it that a horse, lacking more suitable companions, struck up a great friendship with a hen, and displayed immense gratification when she rubbed against his legs and clucked a greeting, whilst he moved about with the greatest caution lest he might trample on his "little, little friend."

Col. Montague tells of a pointer which, after being well beaten for killing a Chinese goose, was further punished by having the murdered bird tied to his neck, a penance that entailed his being constantly attended by the defunct's relict. Whether he satisfied her that he repented the cruel deed is more than we know but after a little while the pointer and the goose were on the best of terms, living under the same roof, fed out of one trough, occupying the same straw bed; and when the dog went on duty in the field, the goose filled the air with her lamentations for his absence.—*Chambers' Journal.*

BOYS CARRYING PISTOLS.

A pistol is a very peculiar firearm; it is made for a very peculiar purpose. It is quite natural for some boys to want rifles or shot-guns, with which they may kill game; but a pistol is intended to kill human beings, and this is about all it is good for. There are very few boys in this country who could shoot a bird or a rabbit with a pistol, and any one who should go out hunting with a pistol would be laughed at. This being the case, why should a boy want a pistol? What human beings would he like to kill?

It is useless to say that he may need his pistol for purposes of defence. Not one boy in a thousand is ever placed, in such a position that he may need defend himself with a pistol. But it often has happened that boys who carried loaded pistols thought that it would be a manly thing, under certain circumstances, to use them, and yet, when the time came and they killed somebody, they only brought down misery upon themselves and their families. And this, too, in many a case where, if no one present had had a pistol, the affair would have passed off harmlessly and been soon forgotten.

But the way in which boys generally take human life with pistols is some accidental way. They do not kill highwaymen and robbers, but they kill their schoolmates, or their brothers, or sisters, or, in many cases, themselves. There is no school where boys are taught to properly handle and carry loaded pistols, so they usually have to learn these things by long practice. And while they are learning, it is very likely that some one will be shot. I saw in a newspaper, not long ago, accounts of three fatal accidents, all of which happened on the same day, from careless use of fire arms. And one of these dreadful mishaps was occasioned by a lad who carried a loaded pistol in his overcoat pocket, and who carelessly threw down the coat.

And then, again, a boy ought to be ashamed to carry a pistol, especially a loaded one. The possession of such a thing is a proof that he expects to go among vicious people. If he goes into good society, and has honest manly fellows for his companions, he will not need a pistol. A loaded pistol in a boy's pocket is not only useless and dangerous, but also it almost stamps him as a bad boy, or one who wishes to associate with bad boys and vicious men.—*St. Nicholas.*

Temperance Department.

KILLED BY ALCOHOL.

The Harveian Medical Society of London, which was largely instrumental in securing the legislative suppression of baby-farming, has now instituted an enquiry into the mortality caused by alcohol, and has sent out a large number of forms requesting the experience of recipients in this matter. The following is part of a paper read by Dr. Norman Kerr before this society on February 6th:

When a few years ago, I instituted an enquiry into the causes contributing to the mortality in the practice of several medical friends, it was with the avowed object of demonstrating and exposing the utter falsity of the perpetual teetotal assertion, that 60,000 drunkards died every year in the United Kingdom. I had not long pursued this line of enquiry before it was made clear to me that there was little, if any, exaggeration in these temperance statistics; and, when asked to present the final results of my investigation to the last Social Science Congress, I was compelled to admit that at least 120,000 of our population annually lost their lives through alcoholic excess—40,500 dying from their own intemperance, and 79,500 from accident, violence, poverty, or disease arising from the intemperance of others.

Though proposing to discuss only the direct fatality in persons killed by their own indulgence, it may not be altogether irrelevant to ask your consideration of the following facts:—1. The Government returns of the sickness and mortality of the European troops forming the Madras army in 1849 show that the percentage of mortality was amongst total abstainers 11.1 per thousand, amongst the careful drinkers 23.1, and amongst the intemperate 44.5. 2. If all drinking, limited and unlimited, be taken into account, and if all our 16,000 practitioners had a similar experience to myself, the records of my own practice point to a minimum annual mortality from alcohol of 200,000. 3. If the opinion expressed by Dr. Richardson, than whom we have no higher authority, that our national vitality would be increased one-third were we a temperate nation, be well founded, we lost in 1876, through alcohol, 227,000 lives. 4. The death-rate in the General Section of the United Kingdom Assurance Company, from which drunkards are excluded altogether, being fully 17 per cent. higher than in the Abstaining Section, this ratio, applied to our whole number of deaths in Great Britain and Ireland, supposing we had no drunkards amongst us, gives a probable annual mortality from what Sir Henry Thompson calls "drinking far short of 'drunkenness'" of more than 117,000.

But to our immediate subject, the deaths caused by the excessive drinking of the "slain by drink." After endeavoring in every possible manner to eliminate the doubtful cases, and cases for which there was no complete evidence, I have been unable to bring the deaths from alcoholic excess below 40,500. That this number is greatly under the truth I have not the slightest doubt. It is generally difficult, often impossible, to ascertain the truth as to the habits of the intemperate either from themselves or from their friends, and I have no hesitation in avowing the belief that a careful and well-ordered investigation will reveal a fatality from intemperance little, if at all, short of the teetotal tradition of 60,000. Indeed, from a more searching analysis of the causes of recent deaths, I am inclined to believe that even this number will yet be found inadequate to express the whole mortality amongst the victims of personal excess. Not long since, the unconscious husband of a lady dying in the prime of life had to be informed by his clergyman that she was dying from secret dipsomania, the spirits she drank having long been surreptitiously conveyed to her by her own daughter.

In his interesting and valuable paper read before this society, Dr. Morton put the mortality among the intemperate much higher than I had ventured to do. The latest returns I have been able to procure show in England and Wales 510,315 deaths in 1876; 93,509 deaths in Ireland in 1877; and 76,946 deaths in Scotland in 1873. Therefore, if Dr. Morton's estimate of 39,287 deaths of persons dying from their own intemperance in England and Wales be extended to embrace the Irish and Scotch returns, there will be a total death roll at all ages of 52,640. Though a certain proportion of these deaths occur in very young people, when we recollect that Dr. Morton's returns comprise little more than half their due proportion of deaths in workhouses and no deaths at all in hospitals, we at once see how closely his results correspond with what we have all been accustomed to look upon as the exaggerated figure of 60,000.

Dr. Wakley was of opinion that from 10,000 to 15,000 persons died from hard drinking in London alone every year; Dr. Lankester held that alcoholic excess accounted for one-tenth of the death rate, *i.e.*, for 68,000 deaths; while their talented successor in the onerous post of coroner for Central Middlesex, our esteemed associate Dr. Hardwicke, both at Cheltenham and at our last discussion on the subject here, emphatically declared his belief that the deaths from personal alcoholic excess amounted to much more than 40,000 yearly.

One county coroner has stated that intemperance was, directly or indirectly, the cause of nearly all the cases brought before him; and another that, during twenty years, excluding inquests held on children (many of these, too, arising from the drinking of mothers) and accidents in collieries, nearly nine-tenths of all the inquests he had held were on the bodies of persons "whose deaths were to be attributed to drinking;" Drs. Parkes and Sanderson, in their report on the sanitary condition of Liverpool, said that drink and immorality were the two great causes of the mortality; while Dr. Noble, of Manchester, gives it as his deliberate opinion that one-third of our disease is caused by intemperance, and another third by moderate drinking.

Permit me to add that the moderation of my own estimate of 120,000, directly and indirectly, and 40,000 directly cut off from amongst us every year by the excessive use of alcohol, though it has been freely criticised by the press throughout the country, has not only not been seriously disputed, but has been endorsed by Dr. Hardwicke, Dr. Nurn of Bournemouth, Dr. Hamilton, of Kendal, and a host of coroners and medical officers of health.

Dr. Farr himself seems to have awoke to a perception of the truth, for, though in his letter to the Registrar-General he had dwelt with complacency on the small number of deaths caused by alcohol, towards the close of the discussion, over which he so ably and courteously presided at Cheltenham, he admitted that perhaps 30,000 to 40,000 might die from drinking in England and Wales every year.

It is incumbent on the medical profession to disabuse the public of the idea that the Registrar General's returns afford any indication whatever of the real number of deaths from intemperance, and I rejoice to know that our active and zealous associate, Dr. Danford Thomas, has dealt a destructive blow at this utter and most pernicious delusion. Many officers of health have repeatedly called attention to this subject. In his annual report for 1875, the medical officer for Heaton Norris says it is very rare for deaths to be registered as occurring from drinking, because a not unnatural feeling prompts the medical attendant to certify the death as having been caused by the secondary disease, rather than by the drinking itself. The medical officer for Bolton, in his annual report for 1875, says that, if the causes of the diseases from which persons died were certified, a very great number of deaths would be found to have been caused altogether, or chiefly, or in part, through alcohol.

Not one of over a hundred practitioners whom I have asked mentions alcohol, unless in very rare cases, in his certificates of death. Three members of a family with whom I am acquainted died from intemperance, one at the age of 36 from alcoholic phthisis, the second at 40 from alcoholic gout, and the third at 32 from the effects of an accident while drunk. In none of these cases did alcohol appear in the certificate.

With all our efforts we will never be able to lay bare anything like the whole mortality from intemperance. At an inquest held recently on a young man aged 19, who had died from alcoholic apoplexy, it came out that the father had long been an habitual drunkard, and, of his other sons, one aged 24 was an idiot, and the other had died at 21 from disease of the brain. Few episodes of our professional career are so painful as when we helplessly contemplate the idiots, epileptics, and criminals begotten by intemperate parents.

It has been objected that to concurrent factors ought to be truly ascribed many of the deaths commonly credited to alcohol. I believe this to be erroneous. The phthisis or the rheumatism of the intemperate is, more often than not, the direct product of the vitiation and devitalization of the blood by alcohol poisoning; and even when a person is laboring under an hereditary disease, he can often, if sober and careful, go on with tolerable vigor to old age, whereas alcoholic indulgence may so exhaust his nervous energy and irritate his vital organs that his hereditary foe, which alone gets the credit of killing him, may be forced into rapid and premature growth in the hothouse of alcohol. By all means ascribe to non-alcoholic concurrent factors their due influence in the causation of death, but bear in mind that every person who dies, before he otherwise would have done, through alcoholic excess, must be regarded as an alcoholic premature death.

It has been urged, in our own ranks, that if all these statements as to excess in alcohol being so frequent a cause of death be true, "the world's grey fathers," to whom distilled spirits were unknown, ought to have lived longer than we do. And so they did, if the recognized version of the Sacred Record be reliable, Methusaleh and his contemporaries being favored with, not to put too fine a point on it, lives somewhat more prolonged than the average duration of life in this our day and generation.

It is from the general practitioner that we must endeavor to acquire the information which alone can enable us to accurately estimate the alcoholic mortality. Dr. Morton's calculation was founded on returns furnished by twenty medical men, mine was based on the records of my own practice for sixteen years and the practice of twelve other medical men for shorter periods; but the weak point of both estimates is that they are constructed on very limited premises. What is wanted is to secure returns from at least 500 medical men in different parts of the kingdom—cities and towns as well as rural districts being duly represented,—and to sum up the figures thus obtained. This would afford a very fair criterion of the experience of the profession, and the ratio might be applied to the total number of those actively engaged in practice.—*League Journal.*

OPIUM TRAFFIC WITH CHINA.

The facts connected with the opium trade have been briefly summarized thus:

1. The British Indian Government, by the growth and manufacture of opium, has assumed the position of a vast trading company, and has entered into the arena of commercial speculation with all the eagerness and anxiety of ordinary traders.

2. All the profits of this trade in opium go to enrich the Indian Treasury, and the prospects of British trade are injured to the extent of the amount spent by the Chinese on the Indian drug.

3. Hence it follows that the British Indian Government is enriching itself at the expense, at first, of course, of the Chinese, but actually of British manufacturers, and, therefore, ultimately of Great Britain itself.

4. This opium trade is further injurious to British trade, and prevents the growth of a legitimate commerce with China, by identifying the prejudice of the Chinese against us, and thus strengthens them in their opposition to all Western improvements, and to a more liberal intercourse with Western nations.

So much for the commercial side of this question; next as regards the moral aspect of the opium trade, which is far darker even than the former. There is abundant evidence to sustain the following points:

1. That from the earliest years of our intercourse with China the Chinese Government has uniformly protested against and opposed the introduction of opium to their country.

2. That while the British Government originally acknowledged opium to be a contraband article of trade with China, and warned persons dealing in it that any loss incurred in consequence of the interference of the Chinese must be borne by the parties who had brought that loss on themselves, yet it nevertheless undertook a war with China mainly for the purpose of defending the interests of those engaged in this (at that time) unlawful and contraband trade.

3. That our Government has compelled the Chinese, by the force of our superior arms (against the earnest and repeated protests of the highest officials in the Empire), to admit opium as an article of commerce subject to special import dues, and that we have repeatedly prevented the Chinese from imposing heavy restrictive import dues on opium, a measure which has been anxiously desired by Chinese statesmen in order that they might then be at liberty to deal with the habit of smoking opium, which is rapidly spreading among the people. That therefore we have most unlawfully interfered with the internal economy of this vast though inferior country.

4. That the opium trade has not merely been a barrier in the way of an extended commercial intercourse, but forms one of the greatest obstacles to missionary success.

If the above be a correct summary of the facts connected with the opium trade, it follows that both commercially and morally it is utterly indefensible.—*Leisure Hour.*

If a man or woman wants to drink beer because he or she likes the taste of it, that is one thing. If the idea is to show everybody that the drinker is "not a temperance fanatic," that is another thing. But for any one to use that stuff on the ground of its tonic effect or its nourishing qualities is simply absurd. "Wouldn't porter or lager beer help me as a tonic?" asked a gentleman, of a distinguished physician who had informed his patient that he needed a tonic of some kind. "Unquestionably there are tonic qualities in porter or beer," was the reply; "but if that is what you are after, I could give you in a teaspoonful of another mixture all the tonic you would find in a gallon of beer—without the four quarts of swash." And now some of the London papers are making an estimate of the relative quantity of German beer and of bread or beef required for purposes of nourishment. The *Lancet* quotes Baron Liebig's analysis of Bavarian beer, which showed seven hundred and thirty gallons of that drink to "contain exactly as much nutriment as a five-pound loaf, or three pounds of beef." From this it would seem that to gain from beer the nourishment equal to a quarter of a pound of beef and four ounces of bread, a person must drink nearly two thousand half-pint glasses of beer. Anything less than this would be an approach to abstinence from nutriment for a single day. So if beer-drinkers are after a fair amount of nourishment, they ought to buy their beer by the hogshead—and drink it by the barrel.—*S. S. Times.*

In One of Mr. Mackay's letters from the Nyanza Mission he remarks that "drink is the curse of Africa." Wherever grain is plentiful he has found drunkenness. "Every night every man, woman, and child, even to the suckling infant," may be seen "reeling with the effects of alcohol." "On this account chiefly," he adds, "I have become a teetotaler on leaving the Coast, and have continued so ever since." Whoever would introduce civilization into Africa, he says, must be total abstainers. Mr. Mackay, on unpacking and arranging the good at Kagei, found that everything needed was in the collection. Nothing had been lost, nothing broken, although the goods had been transported over 700 miles by porters; and everything had to be so distributed at the Coast that no package should exceed a man's load, or seventy pounds. He says the vessel, "Daisy," will not be strong enough for general use on Lake Nyanza, and that a new and larger vessel will have to be built. The Lake, like the Sea of Galilee, is a sea of storms. Sudden storms arise, and lash the usually calm waters into mighty waves.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Liebig's Cure for Intemperance.—The *Scientific American* contains an account of an experimental test of Liebig's theory for the cure of habitual drunkenness. The experiment consisted of a simple change of diet, and was tried upon twenty-seven persons, with satisfactory results. The diet proposed is farinaceous, and, in the case reported, was composed of macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas and lentils. The dishes were made palatable by being thoroughly boiled, and seasoned with butter or olive oil. Breads of a highly glutinous quality were used, care being taken to prevent their being soured in course of preparation. In his explanation of the theory, Liebig remarks that the disinclination for alcoholic stimulants, after partaking of such food, is due to the carbonaceous starch contained therein, which renders unnecessary and distasteful the carbon of the liquors.—*Ex.*

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, writing in the *Nineteenth Century* on the use of intoxicating drinks, says: "No one favors excess. But though no one favors excess, it is admitted on all hands that, as a nation, we do exceed, and that £140,000,000 (seven hundred millions of dollars) per annum is far too much to be spent on a brain poison by the people of the United Kingdom. If drink were merely a harmless luxury, the above sum would be a startling national expenditure; but when we reflect that the consumption of this drink is, by the almost unanimous testimony of our judges, police, prison and poor-law authorities, and all those in a position to know the habits of the people, pronounced to be the main cause of crime and pauperism, it becomes truly alarming."

At The Annual meeting of the *National Temperance League* its supporters rejoiced over several facts of interest. Branches of the League had been organized in 215 ships of the Royal Navy and in the government training ships. An admiral from Sheerness and an army chaplain from Aldershot testified to the decrease of drunkeness in the army and navy. The passage of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill was mentioned as a matter of special congratulation, as well as the increased interest in temperance work among England's aristocracy.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever.

Isa. 40: 8.

Agricultural Department.

CULTIVATION OF CELERY.

Celery plants, for best results, must be kept growing without interruption. They rarely recover fully, if from any causes they receive a check, hence great care is necessary in transplanting from seed beds to plant beds. Avoid breaking or drying off the roots, and when possible set out the plants in cloudy weather. Shelter them from drying wind and hot sun when first transplanted, and water often. The soil should be rich and thoroughly pulverized. The land best suited to this plant is a deep, mellow, sandy loam, rather moist in character. Celery will thrive, however, on drained clay lands if heavily manured. Land manured the fall previous makes an excellent bed for celery. Fresh manure is injurious, as it induces a rank growth which injures the quality of the stalks, rendering them pithy and flabby in character, a sorry contrast to the crispness of well-grown stems.

If the land is in order where it is designed to finally grow the celery there is no objection to transplanting directly from the seed-bed to the field providing arrangements can be made for watering and shading the plants at first. As a rule farmers delay the final transplanting until July when land previously occupied has been cleared off. If the weather is dry at this season, as it is liable to be, the plants will require repeated waterings until they are well established, for celery cannot withstand a drought. Frequent hoeings and weedings are also necessary until the final banking up.

The old practice of banking up celery plants as they grow is being gradually abandoned. Many cultivators attribute the rust on celery to the particles of earth which fall in among the stems during the process of hilling when there is dew or rain on the plants. Celery, therefore, in not a few instances, is allowed to grow and spread in all directions until such time as banking up is required for bleaching the stalks and protecting them from injury by frosts. The leaves at this time are carefully straightened up, held firmly together and earthed up sufficiently to bleach them. During moist warm weather in September celery will bleach within a fortnight if properly earthed; later when the day and nights are cooler, three weeks or more are required.

Celery is stored for winter markets in pits, trenches, &c., made for the purpose. The plants are set in these as closely as they will stand. Provision is made to keep water from standing in them, and the tops are covered to protect the celery from freezing. For family use a small supply of celery already bleached may be stored in the cellar, covered with light garden soil or sand. In bleaching celery be careful not to let it freeze, not to heat it by too close packing and heavy covering, and avoid standing water in the trench.

A method practised by the Edinburgh market gardeners is reported to be as follows: They grow their celery plants in temporary or nursery beds until they are ten inches or one foot high before planting in trenches. The trenches are dug out six feet wide and one foot deep; the bottom is loosened and well enriched and the plants are set in rows across the beds, fourteen inches asunder, and the plants nine inches apart in rows. By this means it is claimed that space is economized and the plants attain a fair average size and quality.—*N. Y. World.*

BALCONY AND VERANDAH GARDENING.

There is no one perhaps engaged in gardening pursuits that labors under more disadvantages than those who are engaged in keeping up a display of flowers in balconies and verandahs. In the first place, when the house happens to be in close proximity to a much-used thoroughfare, the dust arising from the road is destructive to vegetation. In the second, those who have a balcony or verandah with a southern aspect have to contend with the difficulty of preventing the plants being burnt up by the sun, which strikes upon the plants in a manner that is not very acceptable to them. Very often, too, the manager of the balcony garden has to contend against the discomfort occasioned by the surplus water dripping upon the occupants of the rooms below. None of these drawbacks can be said to be avoidable, therefore the best must be made of what cannot be avoided; and I have often been surprised at the success that has attended the efforts of some in securing a display of flowers where the work has been commenced and carried through in an earnest manner. Many attempts are made that result in failure more or less complete, owing either to a wrong start being made or after-management being unsatisfactory. Seeing how many difficulties there are to contend against in balcony gardening, no one should enter upon it who is not prepared to made a good beginning, and ready to profit by experience. To begin well, some amount of skill must be brought to bear upon the work, so that a suitable selection of materials may be made.

The choosing of the pots or boxes, and making a selection of suitable plants, are the most important points. I will refer first to the work of determining the most suitable kind of pots and boxes. Looking at the position they are to occupy, wood boxes offer the most advantages from a cultural point of view, because wood is a good non-conductor of heat, and consequently plants occupying them do not suffer so much from heat and drought as those made of terra-cotta, metal or slate. Of course I am aware that wood does conduct heat, but it does not allow the warmth to pass through it so readily as slate or terra-cotta. For this reason wooden boxes should be used in preference to those made of other materials, but they are not so durable, as the constant damp arising from the soil penetrates and in time rots the wood. In positions where the boxes stand in the shade, or where they are shaded during the hottest part of the day, slate boxes are to be preferred, as they can be painted any color that may be desired to make them correspond with the surroundings. Wire baskets are the most unsuitable of any unless they are to be managed by some one who understands the requirements of the plants to be grown in them, as the occupants of wire baskets seldom receive enough water when attended by the inexperienced. In making the selection, care should be taken that, whether pots or boxes are decided upon, they must be large enough to hold a reasonable amount of soil, for a mere handful is of no use. Boxes for geraniums, petunias, tropæolums, and similar subjects, should, when possible, be eight inches deep and ten inches wide in the clear, the length to be in proportion to the space they are to occupy. It is not advisable to have the boxes more than three feet long, on account of the strength required to move them about. When the plants are grown singly in pots, and stand about on the floor of the balcony, it is a capital plan to place the pots in others two sizes larger, and fill up the spaces with fine soil. Geraniums and fuchsias do uncommonly well this way, because they suffer less from drought as the soil is kept in a more uniform state of moisture. If wood boxes are used they should be made the same size as those made of slate, and may be ornamented with rustic work, and when so ornamented and varnished they have a very nice appearance.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

AN ITEM CONCERNING EGGS.

"Yes sir," said the dealer, in answer to our enquiry, "a great difference in eggs is noticed, in size as well as weight. Now, just look at those eggs; they are what we term 'home eggs,' brought in from places near Boston, in small lots. Those are eggs of Light Brahmas, and they are the best and highest-priced eggs in market. Why, when Cape or Eastern eggs are worth 18 cents, those eggs are worth 27 cents. They weigh on an average, take them from the crate as they come, 2 lbs. to the dozen, while selected lots for family use will weigh as high as 2 lbs. 9 oz., to the dozen—just think of that!" "What do common eggs weigh?" "Don't know— let's see." On go a dozen of common eggs taken at random from a "Cape" lot. They turn the scales at just 1 lb. 5 oz.! Who does not see the importance of producing the best eggs for the quickest market at the highest price; and who does not see the justice of selling eggs by weight rather than by count? "Are not Plymouth Rocks eggs of choice quality?" "Yes; but they do not come up to those of the Brahmas, though they are a fair-sized egg and weigh about 1 lb. 12 oz., per dozen."—*American Cultivator.*

This may surprise some of our readers, but it is is nevertheless true as we know from actual observation. The quality of the egg not only depends much upon the breed of fowls but the food they get. Hens permitted or forced to roam abroad and forage for a living will not furnish as rich eggs as those that receive a proper supply of corn, meal, or other suitable food.—*Ex.*

AN IMPATIENT PLOUGHMAN.

Don't get angry at a dumb beast, just because you sometimes fail to understand each other. Animal nature is very much like human nature—and it appreciates kindness or resents insult or outrage in precisely the same manner. A few days ago, while out with a friend in the vicinity of Washington, I saw a darkey ploughing a bit of scrubby bottom land that had not been tilled since the war. The roots were tough, and the horse was tired and at length refused to pull, so the darkey, after deafening the animal by his screaming, cut a beech rod and—lost his temper. Of course the horse was frightened and pranced and kicked in fine style in his endeavors to get away from his merciless master; then the negro unfastened the trace-chain and began to belabor the poor animal most unmercifully with no other effect than to put "the ole dibbil" into him worse than ever. Not caring to witness any further exhibition of cruelty, I stepped up to the trembling animal, and with a word to the man, took the bridle in my hand, and patting and stroking the horse's nose and face, let him rest and become quiet. He soon had confidence in me, and a few minutes later, when the colored man took the lines in hand once more, only a little more patting and coaxing was required, and away he went as briskly as could be desired. As my friend was sketching in the vicinity, I remained until after the ploughing was finished, but there was no need of further blows. Have you an ugly horse? If so, don't lose your temper and set him an awfully bad example.—*Correspondence of N. Y. Tribune.*

Fine Petunias.—It seems hard to realize that the poor people who lived more than fifty years ago never saw a petunia, and that when about that time a poor white variety was discovered in South America the world could be pleased with it; and it was much more than pleased when, in 1830, a purple petunia was found in Brazil. About eighteen years since we were somewhat astonished by the announcement that a double white petunia had been produced. It was then only semi-double, but now we have the double of all colors, and as large as can be desired. Sow the seed in the spring, in a cold-frame if possible, if not, in boxes or beds in the garden, and by the middle of May or first of June plants will be ready to put out in the flowering beds, and will bloom abundantly until frost. Set the plants about eighteen inches apart. They come pretty true from seed, though not reliable in this respect, being inclined to spot. The petunia as at present cultivated embraces three classes. The grandiflora varieties make quite a strong, succulent growth, and the stems and leaves are sticky to the touch. These bear a few very large, magnificent flowers, often from three to four inches across. They give but a very few seeds. The double petunia gives no seed, and those that produce double flowers are obtained by fertilizing single flowers with the pollen of the double. The third class is the small-flowered varieties. They bear an immense number of flowers, from early summer until frost, and seed freely in the open ground. A well filled circular bed, six feet in diameter, will display continually, without a day's intermission, thousands of flowers.—*Christian at Work.*

In 1866 Mr. Carillet, of Vincennes, France, took two young pear trees, each of which was worked on the quince stock, and one of these, the Beurre de Aremberg, was made to serve as the stock, while the other, Beurre de Charneu, was grafted upon it in an inverted position, having its roots fully exposed to the air. The operation was performed in April and during the summer the stock grew vigorously and bore two fruits, while the scion tree threw out buds and shoots from the quince stock. To add to the complexity of the experiment, M. Carillet grafted four pear scions on the principal roots of the quince, and two of these succeeded. The sap thus passed from quince roots through Beurre de Aremberg, thirdly through the inverted Beurre de Charneu, then though the quince again, and finally into the two varieties of pears.—*London Garden.*

Vegetables have been more improved in their qualities and appearance by careful cultivation than many persons are aware. Celery, so agreeable to most palates, is a modification of a plant the taste of which is so acrid and bitter that it cannot be eaten. Our cauliflowers and cabbages, which weigh many pounds, are largely developed coleworts, that grow wild on the seashore and do not weigh more than half an ounce each. Beets and carrots were originally little more than hard, stringy roots; while the potato was at first no larger than a walnut. Turnips and carrots are thought to be indigenous roots of France, cauliflowers came from Cyprus, artichokes from Sicily, lettuce from Cos, peas from Syria, beans from Persia, spinach from Western Asia, radishes from China, onions from the East, and rhubarb from Turkey.—*Exchange.*

Grafting-Wax.—A grafting wax which may be used immediately or laid away and kept for years, is made by melting and stirring together four parts of rosin, one of tallow, and one of beeswax; then pour into a bucket of cold water. As soon as cool enough to be handled, work the mass over and draw it like shoemaker's wax until it is entirely pliable. The best way to teach boys how to graft or bud is to send them into the orchard under the instructions of any farmer who knows how to graft. They willl earn more in an hour in this way than during an entire season trying to follow written rules without practical illustration.

Soot for Roses.—Collect some soot from a chimney or stove where wood is used for fuel, put into an old pitcher, and pour hot water upon it. When cool, use it to water your plants every few days. The effect upon plants is wonderful in producing a rapid growth of thrifty shoots, with large thick leaves and a great number of richly-tinted roses.

DOMESTIC.

Simple Omelet.—Measure out one tablespoonful of milk for each egg to be used, and as much butter, pepper, and salt as will season to your taste. Beat the eggs separately very stiff, add the yolks to the milk, butter etc., beating them well together; lastly add the whites. Stir well and turn into a hot buttered saucepan. Do not let it get hard, but roll the mixture in the pan, leaving it moist in the middle. It takes but a few minutes to cook; overdone, it will be hard and indigestible.

Baked Omelet.—Beat the yolks of six eggs till foamy, and stir them into a cup and a half of sweet milk, a little salt and pepper, and a tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold milk; lastly add the whites beaten very stiff. Pour all into a hot buttered pan, and let it boil until it thickens, stirring all the time. As soon as it is thickened, pour into an omelet or baking dish, and brown in a quick oven.

To Restore Color.—that has been taken out of dress goods of the color is taken out by acids wet the spots with liquid ammonia to kill the acid, and then wet with choloform to restore the color. If the color is destroyed by alkalies wet with acid to destroy the alkali, and then with the chloroform to restore the color.

White Sauce for Game.—Boil an onion in a pint of milk till it is like a jelly: then strain, and stir into the boiling milk sifted bread crumbs, enough to make it like thick cream when well beaten. Beat while boiling and season with salt, black and cayenne pepper and a little nutmeg.

Macaroni with Tomato Sauce.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, put to it one medium-sized onion chopped fine, a small piece of celery and a little parsley. Let it cook slowly, but carefully, lest it scorch, which would spoil all. When the onion is delicately brown put in a pint of canned tomatos if in the winter or a quart of fresh tomatos in their season and boil for an hour: then strain through a fine sieve into a clean saucepan, cook until as thick as catsup; season with salt, pepper, and butter. This should be all ready before cooking the macaroni, but keep gently simmering to keep hot till the macaroni, is done. Put half a pound of well washed macaroni into boiling salt water, cook twenty minutes, then drain it in a colander. Place a layer of macaroni in a hot dish then place over it a layer of the tomato sauce, then another layer of macaroni, then a layer of sauce, having the sauce on the last thing. Set in the oven for five minutes and then serve very hot.

To Starch and Iron Shirt Bosoms.—A lady gives the following in the *Ohio Farmer:* To three tablespoonfuls of common starch, well boiled in one quart of water, add a lump of lard the size of a pea, a tablespoonful of loaf sugar and a little salt. Let it cool until you can use it without burning your hands. When the clothes are thoroughly dry, dampen your shirts in a thin, cold starch, roll them up and let them lie one hour before ironing. When ready to iron have a bowl of clean, cold water at hand, dip a clean handkerchief into it and wring it out dry; then stretch the shirt over a shirt-board, and with the dampened handkerchief wipe off every particle of starch that appears on the surface, taking care always to wipe downward. Be careful not to have the iron too hot. The more pressure you use on the starched surface the finer polish you will get. I have done up shirts in this way for several years, and know that it will produce a polish equal to any laundry work. I forgot to mention in its proper place that you should never boil the starch until the clothes are ready to hang up to dry.

A Correspondent sends the following to the *Western Rural:* Take nearly a tablespoonful of starch for each bosom; dissolve in a little cold water and pour in boiling water, stirring briskly until it looks clear; be careful not to have it too thick; boil three or four minutes. If the bosoms and cuffs are dry, wet them in cold water before putting them through the starch; hang out on the line, and when they are dry, put them through some thin cold starch so they will be stiff enough; roll tight and let them lie an hour or two before ironing. When you iron them, leave the bosom till the last, then take a damp cloth and rub over it to get it smooth before putting the iron on it. When the bosom is ironed dry, wring the cloth out of the water, leaving it pretty wet, and rub lightly over, then iron dry again. This makes the gloss. If the starch sticks to the iron it is because it was too thick. If you should happen to yellow it in any place (as is often the case) hang out in the sunshine and it will disappear. If you will follow strictly the above rule I don't think you will have much trouble.

LAZY!

It cannot be possible that that big, burly, yawning boy on the back bench is yawning because he is lazy! What a shame it is! His slate is on the floor, and his book on the bench beside him, but they do him no good, because he is too lazy to use them. Strange, is it not, that nobody can gain knowledge in any other way than by learning each one for himself. The king cannot buy it, although he may purchase the companionship of those who are learned. But the boy in the picture is not one of that kind, and he never will be one unless he picks up his books and goes bravely to work. Laziness never made anybody prosper, but it has ruined millions. Are any readers of the MESSENGER lazy? We hope not, and if they are let them turn over a new leaf and try to do better.

LAZY!

THE STORY OF HEROD THE GREAT.

You would like to know something about Herod, you say, who was king when Jesus was born?

He was called Herod the Great, but why I cannot tell you, for, unlike our Saxon king Alfred, or Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire, who both bore the surname, he did not excel in one really great quality, or one noble virtue.

When quite young his father made him governor of Galilee, which was then infested with robbers. These Herod soon put down, capturing their leader, Hezekiah, and bringing him to justice, which gained him the friendship of the governor of Syria, and the name of being courageous. But he was lacking in true courage, for however praiseworthy this action might be, he would have been a far braver and nobler man if he had fought half as well the daily and hourly battles of life, conquering his own bad temper and other evils, that stand out like great blots on his character. He was extremely selfish, very ambitious, and so passionate that, in moments of frenzy, he committed acts of cruelty and injustice which caused him to be disliked by the Jews, and which make us think of him with something like a shudder.

Herod was not himself a Jew, though he professed the Jewish faith, married Jewish women, and tried to gain the favor of the Jews. His father, Antipater, was an Idumean, or Edomite, and had been made governor of Judea by Julius Cæsar. Previous to Herod's time, the Jews, under the Maccabees, had subdued their old enemies the Edomites, and compelled them to be governed by Jewish prefects, to obey Jewish laws, and observe Jewish rites. And as the Edomites had settled in the south of Palestine, they almost formed a part of the Jewish nation.

So Herod was well acquainted with the customs of the Jews; and to please his subjects, he professed great zeal for the Law of Moses. But they soon found that he was not sincere, and never fully trusted him. On the death of his father, Herod was made governor of Judea, under the Romans, and soon honored with the title of king.

To please the Jews he offered to re-build, in a most splendid manner, the Temple at Jerusalem, some parts of which were falling into decay. For nine years he had 18,000 workmen constantly employed; and he spared no expense to make the Temple one of the most costly edifices that could possibly be.

The Jews were glad to have the Temple, of which they were most proud, made great and glorious, and no doubt they would have been very grateful to Herod, if he had only acted consistently afterwards. But when, over the chief entrance to the Temple, he set up a golden eagle, which was the Roman ensign, and therefore an abomination to the Jews, their anger was roused, and they lost all confidence in him.

He should have been more considerate about the feeling of his subjects; but his ambition made him wish to please the Romans no less than the Jews. Not far from the Temple he built an amphitheatre, where he had games celebrated in honor of the Roman emperor, and he placed about it trophies of Roman victories, which the Jews did not like to see. For they could not forget how great and glorious a nation they had once been; and to be constantly reminded of their deep fall grieved and vexed them, and alienated them from the king who could so humble them before their enemies. Herod built a temple, and dedicated it to Augustus, too, which the Jews regarded as idolatry. So it was no wonder that the Jews neither liked nor trusted him; and his treatment of his Jewish wives still further widened the breach.

The story of Mariamne, the most beautiful of his ten wives, is a very sad one. She belonged to the Asmonean line, or family of the Maccabees, whose princes for a hundred and twenty-six years had governed the Jews. She was as virtuous as she was beautiful; and, after a selfish fashion of his own, Herod loved her. But he was cruel to her nearest and dearest relations. Poor Aristobulus, her noble and generous brother, was drowned by order of Herod, when only eighteen years of age, because as high priest, he had gained the affections of the Jews. And the aged Hyrcanus, Mariamne's grandfather, was executed on unfounded charges, though he once saved the life of Herod, when in his youthful days it was threatened by the Sanhedrin.

But I wish I could tell you that his rash cruelty ended even here. The virtuous and lovely queen was herself brought to the block. The jealous mother and sister of Herod tried in every way to make the king angry with her, and they did not hesitate to bring false charges against her, and to bribe false witnesses. And Herod, instead of finding out whether their accusations were true, flew into a rage, and ordered her execution.

Then, all too late, the rash and unjust king came to himself, and so bitterly mourned his loss that he could not attend to state affairs. Into so deep a melancholy did he sink, that he often called for Mariamne, or gave orders for her to be brought to him; but she had gone "where the wicked cease from troubling," and so was spared further trouble and sorrow.

Though, to atone for his rashness, and to conciliate the Jews, Herod built a tower in Jerusalem called Mariamne, in honor of his wife, he became still more cruel and tyrannical to the surviving members of her family. Not long afterwards he ordered her mother Alexandria to be put to death. And when her two sons, Aristobulus and Alexander, grew up, and were married, and had little ones needing a father's care, Herod, as rashly and unjustly as in the case of Mariamne their mother, had them put in prison and strangled, though their greatest fault was that they were beloved by the Jews.

This caused the Jews to dislike him more than ever, and he became very melancholy again, especially as he had a most tedious and serious illness, and he suspected his subjects of wishing he might die.

They naturally did wish for his death; and one day a company of young men, hearing that Herod was dead, beat down the golden eagle over the Temple gate. But they soon discovered their mistake, for Herod had upwards of forty of them burned alive.

It was during this last illness that tidings were brought to Herod of the visit of the wise men to Jerusalem, and their strange question as to Him who was born King of the Jews, whose star they had seen in the East. And Herod, who had lost all control over his jealous temper, fearing that the Jews would make the newly-born child their king, ordered the slaughter of all the baby-boys in and around Bethlehem, thinking that Jesus would be killed with the rest.

After this Herod's sickness became more trying, and he bore it so impatiently that no one cared to go near him. And now he began to reap more fully the fruits of his evil passions. There was no gentle Mariamne to minister to his wants, no loving voice soothed his ruffled spirit, no fond children flocked around him to comfort him, and no bright promise rose like a star of hope to cheer his future path. All was darkness.

How could it be otherwise, after such a life?

Becoming more and more miserable, one day when his pain was severe, and he was in a condition too dreadful to describe, he asked for a knife to pare an apple, and with it attempted his own life. But his nephew Ahiab rushed forward, and prevented his intention.

Antipater—his eldest son, who was then in prison, closely confined by Herod's orders—hearing a shout, and thinking his father was dead, was overjoyed, and tried to escape, and Herod ordered his son to be executed. That was only five days before his own decease; but the approach of death, instead of leading him to repentance, only hardened him.

Thinking to compel the Jews to mourn when he was gone, he commanded the most respected of their elders to be brought to Jericho, where he then was; and, confining them all in the circus, gave orders that the moment he ceased to breathe his soldiers should rush in and slay them.

This last wicked order—which happily was not executed—only increased the joy of the Jews when at last the cruel king expired.

Though this is so sad a story, it is not unprofitable, since it teaches us that the cruel and unjust cannot expect to come to a merciful end. It points out, too, the evil of giving way to bad tempers, and of letting a selfish ambition, and not the desire to do good, be the rule of life.

Herod was buried with great pomp and splendor. His body was laid on a golden bier, adorned with precious stones. He was clothed in purple robes, and a sceptre was placed in his hands. On his head was a crown of gold, and he was followed by a great train, including all the army, and five hundred servants carrying spices. But he might well have envied the beggar Lazarus, who was "carried by angels into Abraham's bosom," or the holy Stephen, who fell peacefully asleep amid a shower of stones. —*Little Folks.*

ROBBING THE EAGLE'S NEST.

The Tyrolese are a hardy and adventurous class of people, such as are to be found in all rugged and mountainous countries. In their hunts after the chamois and other wild animals they are compelled to jump from precipice to precipice, and only the sure-eyed, the sure-footed, and bold need ever begin a chase which requires all these qualities. But this is not their most difficult task. Suspended by a rope over the brow of the rock, the hardy mountaineer robs the eagle's nest of whatever it may contain that he wants. Perhaps it is the eggs, the eagles or the prey which it has conveyed to its almost inaccessible home. An interesting story is told of a man who was in a position something like the young man in the picture, when he was attacked by an eagle and, to save himself, slashed at it with his knife. But instead of wounding the eagle he cut a strand of the rope which held him. It began to untwist, and as it untwisted began to part thread by thread until he saw nothing before him but destruction. Hope had not fled, however, and just as the last threads were about parting he sprang upwards, caught the rope above the cut portion, and soon was safe on the rock to which he was attached. There is a lesson in this incident for very many of the MESSENGER readers. Often they have felt themselves slipping away from Christ. One after another the threads which once united them closely are parted, and beneath

ROBBING THE EAGLE'S NEST.

and beside them they see nothing but destruction. But all hope is not lost. Christ who died for the worst of sinners does not desire his destruction; and if the one hanging over the black yawning gulf into which every moment threatens to precipitate him, resolves, he may catch hold of his Saviour and be yet saved.

ABOUT INSECTS.

Insects show the most wondrous delicacy of organization combined with stupendous power and activity. Their intelligence is no less surprising, and their powers are in some cases so highly developed as almost to supply an additional sense, or the means of making up what we should deem a lacking one. Ants talk to each other by touch. When two meet they touch each other with their antennæ and appear to gather decision from the contact. Huber threw a colony of ants into a darkened room, and noticed that they at first ran about in bewildered disorder. After a time, if one ant found the opening he would return and touch several with the antennæ; and after this communication had been carried on for some time the whole number formed themselves in regular files and marched out in perfect order.

The exquisite development of smell in insects enables them to detect the faintest odor at great distances. By this an insect finds the plant most suitable for its food or for depositing its eggs, and to settle upon it amid a thousand others. Insects that feed on flesh detect the odor of a piece of meat even when covered by a bell-glass. This exquisitely fine sense of smell is believed to lie in the antennæ, which, like the nostrils of larger animals, receive the first pair of nerves which issue from the brain. Some insects when deprived of their antennæ could no longer seek their food. In insects the olfactory organs may be counted by thousands, instead of being limited to two openings as in man.

Nor is the power of sight in insects less remarkable. Man and the larger animals have two eyes, whereas the ant has fifty, the common fly eight thousand, and some butterflies more than twenty thousand! Some aquatic insects have eyes with which they can see above and below them, so that when swimming they can escape by diving from the bird which threatens to pounce upon them from above, while they can fly away from the fish that threatens to attack them from below.

The rapidity of their movements is also almost incredible. Herschel calculates that some insects vibrate their wings several hundred times in a second, which is about as many hundred times as we could raise and depress our arms. A few minutes of such exertion would be enough to tire us completely, whereas the gnat whirls about during the long summer evening without any appearance of fatigue.

The strength of insects is equally marvellous. A man of ordinary strength can with difficulty raise a weight equal to that of his own body, or jump to the height of his own stature, whereas a mole-cricket can easily lift a weight about three hundred times that of its body, and the common flea can jump to a height equal to two hundred times its stature.

The circulating system of an insect is wonderfully complex and extensive. The heart of man has two large openings, each of which is furnished with valves to prevent the reflux of the blood; whereas the circulating apparatus of an insect occupies the greater portion of the back of the animal, and is provided with valves to prevent the blood flowing backwards.

The aerial mouths or breathing orifices of the insects are in many cases lined with a sieve-like membrane, which only permits the purest fluid to pass, and arrests the smallest particle of dust or impurity. Some insects have a hair-like protection to their respiratory orifices which acts in the same manner. Water is prevented from forcing its way into the air-passages of aquatic insects by a compound kind of valve which the animal opens or shuts at will. Respiration is with us confined to one region of the body, but in insects the air is inhaled and exhaled over nearly every part of the body.

The metamorphoses of insects have been justly regarded as the most marvellous phenomena in physiology. Changes the most complete and astonishing take place in body, function, organs, and mode of life. The grovelling and gluttonous caterpillar becomes the bright and aerial butterfly, which sips delicately the nectar of flowers. At first a wingless worm or larva which does nothing but eat, the insect having attained its full growth becomes motionless, casts off its skin, and takes the transition or nymph form. In this the caterpillar is lost and the new and perfect insect developed. At the proper time the swaddling case—sometimes of modest brown, sometimes of golden hue, and hence it has received the name of chrysalis—is burst open, and the butterfly emerges from its prison, radiant and bright, without a particle of its gem-like scales being injured, or a hair of its velvet wings being ruffled.—*Selected.*

The Family Circle.

HOW THEY WENT TO CHURCH.

"If you would take us both to church
We'd sit so very still,
We wouldn't speak a single word,
Mamma, please say you will?"

So coaxing cried my little girls,
But then they were so small—
One was but four, the other six—
It wouldn't do at all!

So I was forced to shake my head—
"The day is warm, you know,
You couldn't keep awake, my dears,
Some other day you'll go.

"But you can sing your pretty hymns,
And Nursie by-and-by
Will read a story. Kiss me now,
My darlings, and don't cry."

In coolest corner of the pew
I listened to the text,
When something rustled in the aisle—
I started, half perplexed,

For many faces wore a smile,
And turning, lo! I spied
Those naughty, tiny little sprites
Advancing side by side!

And oh! each carried in her hand
Her parasol of blue,
Held straight and high above her head,
And both were open too!

No wonder that my neighbors smiled!
While I, with crimson face,
Caught and shut up the parasols,
Then helped them to a place.

I tried to frown upon the pair—
Each gazed with wondering eyes,
Each hugged her precious parasol,
And looked demure and wise.

—*Selected.*

CRABS.

BY JOSIE KEEN.

George and Louis Morton were very much interested in the study of Natural History. So, one day when their uncle, who had travelled about the world a good deal, entered their study-room, they laid hands upon him and seated him in a large easy chair.

"Now, Uncle Will," said George, "please tell us something about crabs."

"Crabs? crabs? Let me see," replied Uncle Will, rubbing his forehead as though trying to brighten up his ideas. "They are queer creatures, anyway. Tigers or even fierce wolves rarely prey upon their own kindred, though they make war upon other animals. The crab family, however are very quarrelsome among themselves. If they get provoked at some little thing they give a warning click of their nippers, and presto, the biggest one seizes a claw or leg of a smaller one and gives it such a pinch. Presently the claw cracks off like a bit of chinaware, the sufferer scrambles away as fast as he can, and the victor retires from the field to eat up his choice morsel at his leisure.

"I cannot now give you a full description of various crabs and their habits, but I will tell you something of two species, the land crab and hermit crab. The land crab has a shell of its own, and some pretty strong nippers with which it seizes its food; sometimes, too, with such a strong grasp that it loses a limb sooner than let go its hold, for they have been seen scampering off, having left a claw still holding fast upon an enemy."

"Lose a claw rather than let it go? That's plucky," exclaimed Louis.

"Yes, and the faithful claw seems to perform its duty and keep, for over a minute fastened upon the finger or whatever else it may have clutched, while the crab is making off. But it is no great matter, this losing a leg or an arm, for they soon grow again, and the animal is found as perfect as before.

"I must now tell you something else strange of a species of this little animal that inhabits holes upon the highest hills and mountains of the West Indies. They live not only in a kind of society in their retreats in the mountains, but regularly once a year they march down in a large body to the seaside. They choose the months of April and May, we are told, to begin their expedition, and then sally out by thousands from the stumps of hollow trees, from the clifts of rocks, and from the holes which they dig for themselves under the surface of the earth. At that time the whole ground is covered with this band of adventurers; there is no setting down one's foot without treading upon them."

"What for, Uncle Will, do they march off in such large numbers to the seaside?"

"To deposit their eggs in the sand, George. No geometrician, it is said, could send them to their destination by a more direct or shorter course. They turn neither to the right nor to the left, whatever obstacles intervene; and even if they meet with a house they will attempt to scale the walls to keep the unbroken tenor of their way. Though this is the general order of their route, they, upon some occasions, are compelled to conform to the face of the country. And if it be intersected by rivers they are then seen to wind along the course of the stream.

"The procession sets forward from the mountains with the regularity of an army under the guidance of an experienced commander. They are commonly divided into three battalions, of which the first consists of the strongest and boldest males, that, like pioneers, march forward to clear the route and face the greatest dangers. These are often obliged to halt for want of rain, and go into the most convenient encamptment till the weather changes. The main part of the army is composed of females, which never leave the mountains till the spring rain is set in for some time, and then descend in regular battalion, being formed in columns of fifty paces broad and three miles deep, and so close that they almost cover the ground. Three or four days after this the rear guard follows; a straggling, undisciplined tribe, consisting of males and females, but neither so robust nor so numerous as the former.

"The night is their chief time for proceeding, but if it rains by day they do not fail to profit by the occasion, and they continue to move forward in their slow, uniform manner. When the sun shines and is hot upon the surface of the ground they then make a universal halt and wait till the cool of the evening. When they are terrified they march back in a confused, disorderly manner, holding up their nippers, with which they sometimes tear off a piece of the skin and then leave the weapon where they inflicted the wound.

"They even try to intimidate their enemies; for they often clatter their nippers together, as if it were to threaten those who come to disturb them. But though they thus strive to be formidable to men they are more so to each other, for they are possessed of one most unsocial property, which is of any of them by accident are maimed in such a manner as to be incapable of proceeding, the rest falls upon and devour them on the spot, and then pursue their journey.

"It is said this species when on its seaward journey are in full vigor and fine condition; and this is the time when they are caught in great numbers for the table. Their flesh, which is of the purest whiteness, is highly esteemed, but like that of all crustaceous animals is rather difficult of digestion. Returning from the coast, they are exhausted, poor and no longer fit for use. They then retire to their burrows, where they slough or shed their shells; a short time after which operation, and while in their soft state, they are considered by epicures as most delicious, and are sought for with avidity.

"There is another species of land-crab whose ways are a little singular. Dr. Gardner in his travels in Brazil says that while he was near Rio San Francisco he amused himself by watching the operations of a small species belonging to the genus, *Galasimus*, that was either making or enlarging its burrow in the sand. Once in every two minutes or so it would come to the surface with a quantity of sand enclosed in its left claw, which, by a sudden jerk, it ejected to the distance of about six inches. It always took care to vary the direction in which it was thrown so as to prevent its accumulation in one place.

"Another species of the land-crab is thus described by a traveller. It inhabits India, and it is said: 'All the grass through the Deccan generally swarms with a small crab which burrows in the ground and runs with considerable swiftness, even when encumbered with a bundle of food as big as itself."

"What is their food?" asked George.

"It is grass, or the green stalks of rice. And it is said to be amusing to see the crabs sitting, as it were, upright and cutting the hay with their sharp pincers and then waddling off with this sheaf to their holes, as quickly as their sidelong pace will carry them."

"Why, how strangely such little creatures must look with a pack of grass upon their backs and crawling off as they do."

"Strange, indeed, Louis. Now, boys, I'll tell you what I can about the hermit or soldier-crab. It is somewhat similar to the lobster when divested of its shell. It is usually about four inches long, has no shell behind, but is covered down to the tail with a rough skin, terminating in a point. It is, however, armed with strong, hard nippers before, like the lobster; and one of them is said to be as thick as a man's thumb, and pinches most powerfully. This little animal is, as we have already said, without a shell to any part but the nippers; but what nature has denied to it, it takes care to supply by art. It takes possession of the deserted shell of some other animal and resides in it until by growing too large for its habitation it is necessary to make a change."

"Where are they to be found, Uncle Will?"

"They are mostly natives of the West India Islands. Some say they may be seen every year, like the land-crab, descending from the mountains to the seashore to deposit their eggs and to search for a new shell. Others, again, say they mostly frequent those parts of the seashore that are covered with trees and shrubs producing various wild fruits on which they subsist."

"It is quite diverting to observe these animals when changing their shells. The little soldier is seen busily parading the shore along that line of pebbles and shells that is formed by the incoming waves; dragging its old incommodious habitation at its tail, unwilling to part with one shell, even though a troublesome appendage, until it can find a another more convenient. It is seen stopping before one shell, turning it over, and passing it by; going on to another, contemplating this for awhile and then slipping out its tail from its old habitation to try on the new. This also is found to be inconvenient, and it quickly turns to its old shell again. In this manner it tries several, until at last it finds one light, roomy, and commdious. To this it adheres, though the shell is sometimes so large as to hide the body of the animal, claws and all."

"What a way to secure a new home!" laughingly said George. "But, Uncle Will, how do they manage to keep the shell-house upon their tails?"

"They attach themselves to the interior by a sort of sucker with which the tail is furnished at its extremity, and also holding on by its six false legs, which it bears in its hinder portion. It is said that it is not only after many trials, but also many combats that these soldier-crabs are equipped; for there is often a contest between two of them for some well-looking favorite shell, for which they become rivals. They both endeavor to take possession; they strike with their claws; they bite each other, until the weakest is obliged to yield by giving up the object of dispute. It is then the victor immediately takes possession and parades in his conquest three or four times backward and forward upon the strand before his envious antagonist. Now, boys, I have told you all I can for the present about crabs."

"Thanks, Uncle Will. We will not detain you any longer. But do come again soon and tell us about some other animal."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"THE BEST ROOM."

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

The "best room," was it beautiful? Indeed it was. The body Brussels on the floor looked like velvety green moss, sprinkled with apple blossoms; chairs and sofas, bright, elegant and luxurious. The great mirrors even wound about with exquisitely beautiful artificial vines—always artificial whether it was winter or summer, because natural vines would fade and die in the darkness and closeness of the "best room." The costly tables held beautifully bound volumes, the easels rare and grand pictures, the mantels treasures in bronze and silver, and yet in spite of the wealth and taste used in the decoration of this particular room, there was something lacking, something so bright and entrancing that it would have glorified every corner if it could have possibly crept in. The root of the trouble was that it could not possibly creep in, although like the blessed gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, it was willing to warm and comfort without money and without price.

Oh, the blessed sunshine! Sunshine sent by the Creator to His creatures as a blessing unutterable! and still, how many spurn this heavenly gift, even barring and bolting it out of their homes. The mistress of this "best room," with the mossy carpet, possessed another front room which was "second best," indeed, it was the family room, called sitting-room by courtesy, although it was constantly used as diningroom. There was nothing very attractive in this room as we peeped in one pleasant winter morning. The carpet was faded, and so were the curtains; everything looked dark and dingy, even the lady of the house as she sat near a window sewing. Just then a little girl of ten entered the room, a pretty, graceful child, although the blue eyes were sad and the little cheeks sorrowfully pale.

"Home already; what's the trouble, Fannie?"

"O mamma, Mamie was away, had gone into the country with her papa. I was very sorry, mamma, I did want to stay so much."

"Yes, I suppose so; I believe you like Mamie's house better than your own."

"No, no, mamma, home is where you and papa are, and I love this house most; but mamma, it seems like fairyland over to Mamie's."

"Fairyland indeed; well, Fannie, you have different ideas about fairyland than I used to have; what do you mean, child?"

"I mean" (and the child's pale face grew rosy) "it is so beautiful there: the parlor isn't shut up like ours, mamma, the door into the sitting-room is always open, and, oh, mamma, the bright sun gleams through the open shutters, making the carpet look like meadows covered with daisies."

"Yes, and a pretty looking carpet it will be in a year's time, all faded and tracked with children's feet. Now, Fannie, you can see what it is to take care of things. Ours has not a spot and it is as bright and beautiful as it was when we put it down one year ago."

"But, mamma, what good does it do us? we never go in there."

"What a queer child you are, Fannie, and old too for your years. Does it not do good to receive formal calls once in a while, yes, and when we have parties?"

"But, when do you have parties, mamma? I only remember one."

"One, yes, of course; you're only a child; you have not lived very long; one don't have parties every year."

"When will you have another, mamma dear?" and Fannie pulled her stool close to her mother. "I wish it would be soon, mamma, then I could see the apple blossoms on the carpet, for you'd have to let in a teenty bit of light, wouldn't you, mamma? And, mamma, you'd let me look at the great big books, which you were afraid I'd soil, and so you know you never let me look at them; but I'm getting big now and my hands are white; look, mamma."

"How you do run on, Fannie: We'll see when summer comes about the party; and now get your box of pictures out of the closet and look them over; they will amuse you."

Fannie obeyed, and was so quiet that at last her mother looked up from her work to see the blue eyes of her delicate little girl dim with tears.

"Not very much interested, eh, Fannie?"

"O mamma," with a burst of tears, "I've had these old pictures ever since I can remember; I never want to look at them again. O mamma, if I could only look at some of the picture-books in the 'best room;' could I, only once, mamma?"

"No, Fannie, I've answered that question before. Those books are not for common use: they are too costly for children to handle."

"But mamma, I will put my flannel shawl on the table and lay the book on that, and—"

"Hush, not another word."

So Fannie, finding no sympathy, put away her pictures and ventured timidly, "Could I lie down on my bed, mamma? my head aches, and if I wrinkle up the bed, I'll fix it myself."

"Yes, certainly, lie down, child, and you will feel more like obeying when you awake, perhaps."

"O mamma, forgive me, please; I do want to obey you, indeed I do, and I'll never, no, never ask you to let me go into the 'best room' again."

Morning again, three days later; Fannie is in the 'best room' now. Would you like to see the little face now that she is not shut out from the mossy carpet, the easels and the lovely books? Well, you can look, for strange as it may seem, there are rays of light peeping through the drawn shutters, and revealing plainly Fannie's sweet face.

We cannot see the blue eyes now, for the silky brown lashes are kissing softly the pale cheeks, but we can see the pretty arched mouth, the beauteous still face, the glossy, waving hair, the fair, waxen hands, holding the scented rosebuds.

Hark, a step, Fannie's mother is coming in. We must leave, for a mother's agony is too great for our inspection, but as we leave by another door we overhear these words:

"Oh, my God, my God! can it be that my love, my darling, my own lamb, is lying cold and still in this terrible 'best room?' The little hands are still now, they cannot disarrange; the little feet are quiet, they cannot track. Oh, my God, my God, would that they could."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

ANNA'S BIRTH DAY PRESENT.

"I wonder what we had better get for Anna's birth day present?" said Mr. Lester a week or two before the anniversary, which had always been celebrated with gifts of some kind.

"I hardly know what to get," said the mother. "She has so many books and dolls now, and every corner is full of her toys! I wish we could think of something to keep her out of door more. She does not care for the swing unless she has company, and she plays with her dolls and reads so much she is getting pale and thin. I am sure I do not know what to do with her."

The question was not settled when Mr. Lester started to the store, but a little girl just ahead of him gave him a clue. "Please, mamma," she said, "let me wear my old dress this summer; you can let it down a little and fix it up so it will do, and we will take the money and buy tulips, and lilies, and roses, and have a little garden. I love flowers so much—please say I may have them, mamma." And then they turned a corner and were gone, but the question was settled.

Anna had tried to find out what her present was to be, but not succeeding shew as completely surprised, and not much surprised, and not much pleased, when she received it. First came a dozen choice gladiolus bulbs, looking somewhat like small onions; then four rough, "humpy" things, looking as little like flowers as anything could look, but they were marked, "anemone;" next came a dozen funny little things marked, "lily of the valley," and a dozen packets of seeds.

Never had a girl such a curious birth day present, and never was a girl so surprised as Anna. She forgot the kisses and thanks she usually gave after receiving gifts; but her parents did not notice that, and her papa took the catalogue and read to her all it said about her bulbs and seeds, so she soon began to feel interested, and went to the garden eager to begin her work. Mr. Lester had showed her how to make the beds, and, as it was vacation, she worked faithfully until her mamma, fearing she would get too tired, called her in to rest.

When the beds were ready she set out the bulbs, but she could hardly wait until it was time to sow the seeds. However, they were all planted at last, and then she watched very anxiously for their coming up. When they did come out of the ground how glad she was! She was puzzled, too, to see so many things coming up that she had not planted, but she soon learned to tell the flowers from the weeds, and a part of each day saw her weeding and hoeing in her little garden.

After many weeks she had her reward, for little buds came and, slowly expanding, grew into perfect flowers. Never had Anna seen flowers quite so nice and fragrant as her own were. Hers were "the brightest pinks that ever grew," her portulacas were "the hand somest ever seen," and her balsams were "the doublest balsams in the world." The gladioli were "just splendid," the anemones "perfect," and the lily of the valley "too sweet for anything."

She had disappointments, of course; but they come to all, and we must learn to bear them patiently. One packet of seeds failed to report themselves for duty; whether they were worthless, or whether the weather was unfavorable, I do not know. Then, a visitor's dog broke the only flower stem on one gladiolus, so she must wait until next year to see what kind of flower that one has. But she had flowers in her garden, and mamma's vase was always full, and the little lame girl in the hut by the mill, where never a spear of grass dared show itself, had many a lovely bouquet that summer. And gran'ma Peters, who was always grieving for pinks and marigolds of her youth was obliged, to admit that Anna's phlox and verbenas were "good enough for any one."

Every day the flowers showed new beauties, and rejoiced her heart. Every day, now, she gave thanks for her homely birth day gift, and her parents, seeing her happiness, and the growing brightness of her eyes, and the hue of health returning to her pale cheeks, rejoiced that they had chosen so wisely for their darling child.—*R. D. Blaisdell, in Vick's Illustrated Monthly.*

THE VICTORY OF FAITH.

In an article on "Unsuspected Treasures," I have just read, "Faithful parents may meet wayward children whose repentance in a dying hour has not been spoken with the lips."

An incident related in our ladies' prayer-meeting so forcibly shows the truth of these words that I would like to send it to you:

A son of godly parents, and a child of many prayers, wandered away in early manhood from the paths in which his earlier steps were lovingly guided. He seemed wholly indifferent to everything of a religious character. He never attended church, but on summer Sundays would pass nearly the whole day in his boat upon the river with companions as worldly as himself. He was at one time in great danger from drowning. Strong arms rescued him and bore the cold, almost lifeless body to the shore, and it was a long time before there was any sign that life still lingered. Then he was carried home and lay unconscious for hours, only a feeble flutter at the wrist to keep alive the hope in the hearts of his friends.

And it was then, in the midnight stillness, that his mother knelt beside his bed, and thinking that his ear was closed to every sound, poured forth her soul to God, and blessed and praised him that in mercy her son was not sent unrepentant to eternity. She prayed in agony that his life might be spared, at least till he should seek and find forgiveness. As she prayed the cold hand she held in hers gave a feeble pressure, and the eyelids quivered a little, but did not lift. It was not until the next day that he looked at his mother, and said in feeble tones, "Mother, I am saved." Saved from drowning she thought he meant, and replied, "Yes, dear, you are saved, thank God!" Another day of silence passed before strength returned to the young man so that he could speak. And then it was in broken sentences, often long resting spells between the words, that he told his remarkable experience. "Mother, I heard you praying; if I had died you would have thought I was in hell; but I am saved." He said that when he realized that he had lost his hold on the boat thought came, "Now I am helpless, I am lost, I am going to eternity with all my sins;" and then he prayed, "O God, wilt thou forgive and save me!" A voice seemed clear and distinctly to say, "I will save thee, trust me." He felt that it was the voice of Jesus: he simply trusted and all fear was gone, and he knew nothing more until he heard his mother pleading with God for him. "I should have been safe with Jesus, mother, and you would have mourned me as lost."

Many there were who said this was only an excited imagination, and when health returned it would all be forgotten as a dream. They were mistaken. The life so mercifully spared was a consecrated life, and long years of loving activity in the service of the Master have proved that the faith put forth in that hour of peril was a true and living faith.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

HOW SARDINES GOT INTO CHINA.

I have a friend who, having resided some thirty years in China, is a good authority on the manners and customs of the central Flowery Land. Questioning him about the things to eat, drink, and avoid, when a European is invited to partake of Chinese hospitality, he told me that, as a matter of taste, and it may be prejudice, Europeans liked their own dietary best. As for puppies and rats, and such like horrors, one does not meet with these things at the table of a Chinese gentleman. Neither will he give you butcher's meat. Fowls, ducks, stewed tendons of deer, fish, and in very rich families birds'-nest soup, *bêche de mer*, or sea-slug, as a relish, and rice, of course—such things are the staple; and as for birds'-nest soup, my friend says he does not dislike it. From his description, this celebrated soup would seem to be like oyster-soup, without the taste or the smell of oysters—that is to say, white, creamy, and insipid.

A middle-class Chinaman will never expend more than equivalent to fourpence English for his dinner; but Chinese gentlemen, when they take a fancy to any eatable, will pay, if needful, an enormous price for it. Nor is John Chinaman altogether so conservative as Englishmen at home set him down for. As an example, rich Celestials now consume a goodly lot of tinned sardines in oil. The custom, however, has only prevailed a few years, and it came to be adopted by accident.

"I'll tell you all about it," said my friend. "First, do you know what smalt is?"

"To be sure I do. A blue compound of oxide of cobalt and silica."

"Exactly. Well, the Chinese import this smalt, I believe, for painting blue figures on their crockery. At any rate, some years ago the London agent of a Chinese mercantile firm received an order for a large quantity of smalt—a very serious quantity, of some thousands of pounds sterling value.

"But the word smalt was so badly written, or so wrongly written, that the London agent, instead of smalt, read 'smelt;' so he went about in many promising quarters to buy those delicate little fish. Not enough were to be had in the market at the time, and he was advised by a London provision dealer that whenever procured they would be enormously expensive. 'Let me advise you to try sardines,' was the counsel of the London provision dealer. 'Sardines are rather cheap now, and I'm sure they'll give satisfaction.'

"So the bargain was struck, the sardines were bought, packed, shipped, and sent to China.

"On arrival, a dispute arose. John Chinaman avowed he had ordered a blue pigment, not fish, whether smelts or sardines; and John Chinaman appeared to have the right of it in law; so he shrugged his shoulders and left the boxes of oily little fish in charge of the merchant, who did not even try, I believe, to dispute the bargain with the London salesman, so alive was he to the mistake he himself had committed.

"What was to be done? The affair was serious.

"The following was done. Some British residents at Shanghai purchased some of the sardines as just a slight alleviation of the unfortunate merchant's trouble. The whole lot, however, was a gigantic lot, and had it depended on European consumption alone, the unfortunate consignee would have waited over long to turn his capital. Fortunately it happened that an English purchaser of some of the sardines knew a rich Chinese epicure, to whom he gave a box, to have his opinion. It was not long coming. The Chinaman having partaken of the barbarian fish, licked his lips and pronounced them good. Other Chinamen followed the lead, and all pronounced the little fish excellent. The entire lot went off apace, and other lots followed. Now *Sardines à l'huile* are quite a Chinese institution.

"So that's the way," said my friend, "that sardines got into China."—*Leisure Hour.*

GEORGE III. AND THE ETON BOYS.

One of the most pleasant traits of all the years of his life is his unvarying attachment to Eton School and all the succession of boys there. He always knew the more eminent of them, whether for rank or scholarship, by name. He never missed an opportunity of honoring the boys who were worthy of honor, and the boys paid him back as boys can pay back their favorites. "Think highly of Eton," he said to young De Quincey. "All people think highly of Eton; every one praises Eton." Immediately after his marriage he took the young queen over the venerable school, and left £230 with the provost, to be spent, as he thought best, in giving pleasure to the boys. He was always hospitable to them, and there are stories of his sending for them all in a body to meet him on the terrace at Windsor, and keeping them all to supper, and irritating the masters immensely by forgetting to ask any of them; so the boys remained merry with the monarch, and there was nothing for it but for the masters to go away in dudgeon.

In 1805, when the Castle of Windsor was completed, after the long period during which it had undergone repairs and improvements, fitting it henceforth to be the royal residence, in place of the inconvenient lodge, the king, of course, had a magnificent house-warming, and he added to his other pieces of hospitality on the occasion that of personally going down to Eton School and inviting eighty of the Eton boys to sup with him in the presence chamber, a truly beautiful instance of royal, neighborly, and affectionate benignity. And he was kind to individual boys. Once, as he was walking down Eton street, a boy, almost too late, came rushing along at a tremendous pace, and went butt up against the king, almost overturning the royal person. Of course he stopped to apologize, and thus his appearance even for the second call was absolutely hopeless. The good-natured king enquired his name, and took the trouble to write a little note to the head master to explain the cause of the boy's delay. Nothing delighted him more, upon his recovery from his illness in 1804, than the rapturous reception the boys gave him upon the first appearance of his carriage. They gathered round it with enthusiastic huzzas and repeated rounds of cheers. Forming a circle round it, they ran along by its side, before and behind it, forming a sort of unpremeditated escort, until he alighted at the gates of Windsor Castle. The next day, walking out, he fell in with two or three of the scholars, and entered freely into conversation with them, thanked them for the reception they had given him the day before, and told them to thank their fellows. This was better than writing a note to the school—a beautiful and gentle king! He had been educated at Eton himself some short time, and with him were many of those who became statesmen in his time; indeed, nearly all the great statesmen of the reign of George III. from the Earl of Chatham to the Duke of Wellington, had been Eton boys. Probably he thought of this, or something like this, when, verging towards his mournful close, at the commencement of the last of those terrible mental disorders with which he was afflicted, he was standing at one of the windows of his apartments in Windsor Castle with the late Marquis of Wellesley, who had also been an Eton boy. His eye caught the view of

> "The distant spires, the antique towers,
> That crown the watery glade,
> Where grateful science still adores
> Her Henry's holy shade."

"Look, my lord," he said, in a voice which implied the tenderness and pensive, reverential affection passing through his mind—"look, my lord, there is the noble school where we were all educated!"—*Leisure Hour.*

WHAT ARE RICH MEN DOING?

Are they hoarding money for lawyers and children to quarrel over, or midnight and graveyard ghouls to be hunted and finally to be rewarded with? Graves have their force, and good men often speak grandly by virtue of a finished life. But a man who sacrifices while he lives, who does good with his means when he could use them for the expansion of his business, who now and then contracts his capital a little and gives the slice to great benevolences, not only prevents a large measure of litigation, but is a living witness to the virtue of a great sacrifice. He spares from himself that he may share with the world. Who can manage a great charity so well as the hand that first created it? Who can so well advise concerning it as the brain that conceived it and the heart that blessed it? We suspect that the recent strifes over great estates, and the uncertainty which overhangs their management and distribution, are going to produce a revolution in the grace of giving. Men are going to give earlier in life; they are going to make benevolence more of a study; they are going to give an attention to it in their vigorous youth, which will make them examples to the world of the beauty of self-denial, and the true means of leaving a legacy of love to posterity. There are vast accumulations of wealth at this moment in all our great centres that ought to be thrown into the better channels. Misery predominates everywhere. The suffering prevail over the strong. As to the future of what a liberal soul leaves behind for children and friends, after a lifetime of good and wise giving to great causes, we believe it will do more, reach further, and live longer, than if it were the undivided estate of a clenched hand, and an uncharitable. There are cases where a half is more than the whole, and this is one of them.—*Examiner.*

TALK TO THE CHILDREN.

Children hunger perpetually after new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of daily listening to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own households. A silent home is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant family conversation, and what unconscious, but excellent, mental training is lively, social argument. Cultivate to the utmost the art of conversation at home.—*Selected.*

Question Corner.—No. 14.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

157. Who were Korah, Dathan, Abiram, and On, and what was their fate?
158. Why was the plague sent after the destruction of these men, and how many died by it?
159. Where did Miriam die?
160. Why were Moses and Aaron prevented from entering the promised land?
161. What is the meaning of *Meribah?*
162. Where did Aaron die?
163. Who succeeded Aaron as high priest?
164. Why was Hormah so called?
165. For what was the plague of the fiery serpents sent among the people?
166. How were they cured of the bites of the serpents?
167. Where is the brook Arnon situated?
168. With what two kings did the Israelites go to battle at this time?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO 12.

133. On Mount Horeb, near Mount Sinai, Ex. iii. 1, 2.
134. Compelled them to gather stubble for the bricks instead of the straw with which they had heretofore been supplied, Ex. v. 7.
135. Water turned into blood; frogs; lice; flies; murrain; boils; hail; locusts; darkness; death of all the first-born, Ex. vii. 17.
136. Rameses, Ex. xii. 37.
137. Succoth, Ex. xii. 37.
138. Across the northern part of the Gulf of Suez.
139. They found no water, Ex. xv. 22.
140. Bitterness.
141. In the wilderness of Sin, Ex. xvi. 1, 4.
142. The battle between the Israelites and Amalekites, Ex. xvii. 8, 16.
143. The Lord my banner.
144. Sinai, Ex. xix. 1.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The river that went out of Eden.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 12.—Olive Haskin, 10; John Goldsbro, 10; Clarissa F. Berryman, 8; Hepsie McEvers, 9; John F. Wier, 9; Ella Huff, 10; E. A. Hamilton, 11; Rosetta J. Feren, 10; Euphemia M. Foster, 3; Fred E. Bell, 11 ac.; Mary Haycock, 10; Hilda Sing, 11; Wm. C. Wickham, 9; Lucy Richardson, 11.

To No 11.—Laura Reid, 9; John Sutherland, 11; Maggie A. Cuyler, 5; Adeline A. Orford, 8; Hilda Sing, 10; Arthur Wright, 3; L. Stephenson, 9; Lucy Richardson, 9.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

From the International Lessons for 1879, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.

LESSON XXX.

JUNE 27.]

VICTORY OVER DEATH.—READ 1 Cor. 15: 50-57.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, VS. 54-58.

50. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

51. Behold, I shew you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

52. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

53. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

54. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality then shall be brought to pass the saying, that is written Death is swallowed up in victory.

55. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

56. The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

57. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

58. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.—John 11: 25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Saints share Christ's victory over death.

INTRODUCTORY.—The Apostle lays the foundation for his proofs of the resurrection, in the historical fact that Christ rose from the dead. He then passes from the fact of the resurrection to the manner of it, which he illustrates by analogies from nature—as the seed sown, and the various kinds of bodies. He then asserts the existence, and declares some of the characteristics, of the spiritual body. The lesson shows the final victory over death.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Read the whole of this fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and try to get the Apostle's argument and teachings clearly before your mind. This chapter is read at funerals more, probably, than any other in the Bible. Make its comfort real, and blessed in your own bereavements, and those of your friends.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) CHANGE OF THE BODY. (II.) MANNER OF THAT CHANGE. (III.) VICTORY IN THAT CHANGE.

I. CHANGE OF THE BODY. (50.) THIS I SAY, and call your especial attention to it; FLESH AND BLOOD, the natural, earthly body, born of the flesh, which the spirit inhabits here; KINGDOM OF GOD, which will be entirely spiritual; CORRUPTION, things in their nature perishable, decaying.

II. MANNER OF THAT CHANGE. (51.) BEHOLD, a word always calling special attention to what follows; A MYSTERY, heretofore hidden, and now communicated through me, by revelation; BUT ALL SLEEP, all will not die, some will be living when Christ comes; SHALL ALL BE CHANGED, whether living or dead. Lushman and some MSS. read, "We shall all sleep, but we s all not all be changed." (52.) IN A MOMENT, literally in an atom, an indivisible time, the change will be instantaneous, although so great; TWINKLING . . EYE, as soon as one can wink; LAST TRUMP, sounding of the trumpet. The people assembled and called to battle by a trumpet. Compare Matt. 24: 31; 1 Thess. 4: 16; Rev. 8 and 9, and 11: 15; WE, all who are alive, comp. 1 Thess. 4: 15. (53.) CORRUPTIBLE, body subject to dissolution.

III. VICTORY IN THAT CHANGE. (54.) THEN, before that time the body remains in the power of the grave; THE SAYING . . WRITTEN, in the Hebrew of Isa. 25: 8, SWALLOWED UP, "at one momentary draught," and forever disappears. (55.) STING, as of a poisonous creature which kills, comp. Gen. 3 and Numb. 21: 6; GRAVE, Hades, the realm of the dead. Some MSS. have the word "death" instead of grave. (56.) STING . . SIN, by which all the human race have been stung and slain, Rom. 7: 9-11. (58.) STEADFAST, firmly seated, so as not to slip from your faith; UNMOVEABLE, through unbelief or the evil influences of others, Col. 1: 23; WORK OF THE LORD, the promotion of Christ's kingdom; YE KNOW, God's word assures you; LABOR, toil, wearisome effort in Christ's cause; NOT IN VAIN, since there will be a resurrection and an eternal reward.

What facts in this lesson teach us—

1. The nature of the heavenly kingdom?
2. The power of God?
3. Hope for ourselves, and for our friends, in death?
4. Faithfulness to present duty?

ILLUSTRATIONS.—*Death.* Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.—*Colton.* Death is the dropping off the flower that the fruit may swell.—*Beecher.* Oh! brother Payne, the long looked for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever yet done, or been capable of doing. —*Owen. Heavenly Inhabitants.* What a heaven full of princely creatures the Eternal Father will have, when all the redeemed shall be presented to Him in the brightness of His Son's glory! . . A whole heaven full of glorious-bodied creatures, each one emitting a splendor like the glorious body of the Lord, "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."—*Hamilton.*

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LESSON XXXI.

AUGUST 3.]

THE MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION.

READ 2 Cor. 5: 14-21.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, VS. 20-21.

14. For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead.

15. And that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again.

16. Wherefore henceforth know we no man after the flesh: yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more.

17. Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.

18. And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation.

19. To wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.

20. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.

21. For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.—2 Cor 5: 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Ministers are God's messengers of peace.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) NEW LIFE FROM CHRIST. (II.) AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST.

I. NEW LIFE FROM CHRIST. (14.) FOR, showing the reason of his devotion to God and to them, v. 13; LOVE OF CHRIST, to us, as shown in his death; CONSTRAINETH, sets us up so to act, as he had been doing; THUS JUDGE, formed the judgment; WERE ALL DEAD, or, "all died," (15.) DIED FOR ALL, in behalf of all; UNTO THEMSELVES, for self and selfish gratification; DIED FOR THEM, read "died and rose again for them." (16.) AFTER THE FLESH, in his merely carnal and earthly relations of birth, wealth, position, power, but spiritually in his relations to God. (17.) A NEW CREATURE, created anew by divine power, passed into a new life; OLD THINGS, the old nature. Some MSS. read, "his old things are passed away: behold they are become new.

II. AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST. (18.) RECONCILED, forgiven and restored to favor; MINISTRY OF RECONCILIATION, a ministry whose business it is to make known that God is willing to be reconciled to every sinner. (19.) THE WORLD, the human race in its sin; NOT IMPUTING, etc., since the trespasses are forgiven through Christ's atonement; THE WORD, the good news, the gospel. (20.) AMBASSADORS, officers sent by a sovereign, instructed to declare his will and purpose: IN CHRIST'S STEAD, in behalf of Christ. (21.) TO BE SIN, a sin-bearer suffering the consequences of sin; WHO KNEW NO SIN, never committed any sin, 1 Pet. 2: 22.

What statements in this lesson show that—

1. Through Christ's death we may have life?
2. Christians should live for Christ, not for themselves?
3. Ministers are Christ's agents in proclaiming redemption?

A LITTLE CHILD heard one man tempt another to drink, and just as the latter was raising the glass to his mouth the child said: 'I wouldn't!" Those two words were the means of saving that man.

LESSONS FROM THE LOWLY.—An alarm of fire in a New York schoolhouse was good cause for the immediate evacuation of the building. Fortunately the children had been well drilled in view of such an emergency, and the way in which they made their exit was a model of good order and self-possession. But towards the end of the procession there was noticed to be some delay. The anxious teachers hurried to the rear to see what was wrong, and found the somewhat narrow passage a little blocked by the presence of two lame children, who, although doing their best to get out, could not make so great speed as the sound ones who were behind them. And yet those who were behind did not push or crowd the lame children, but patiently awaited their tardy and clumsy movements. A teacher asked why they did not push on and hurry out more quickly; and the answer came from the children in the rear: "We're waiting to let the lame ones out" It was contrary to the custom of the world. When there is a panic, whether with cause or without, it is the habit of the strong and hearty ones to push aside the others and make good their own escape, not caring who may be trampled on and crushed. It is understood that Satan may take the hindmost ones if he can get them, and that if the weak ones are crowded to the wall it makes no particular difference. There are noble exceptions to this custom, as in the case of these youngsters, who so kindly gave the little cripples a chance. These children's names should be inscribed on the roll of the world's heroes. The lesson their brave and considerate action teaches is an honorable one, worthy of imitation.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

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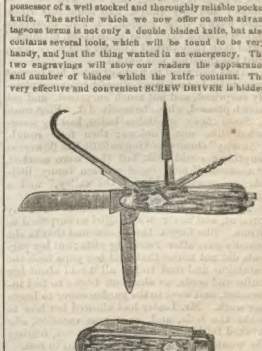

by the opened large blade, but is shown in the picture of the knife as closed. The HOOK can be made useful in sundry ways, such as to clean a horses' hoof, pull off the boots, lift a stove cover, &c. The back of the Hook makes a good tack hammer; while the inside of the hook forms a small but strong nut cracker. The Punch makes holes in harness, wood, &c., which can be enlarged by its sharp corners. All close into a strong and compact handle. This POCKETFUL OF TOOLS will be sent to any person who sends us $5 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications.

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